

to a dance as had the previous and original generation. Certainly, I cannot deny them this privilege even though I feel they are doing wrong. Yet, I have no argument to offer other than to say; "It just isn't traditional".

Nicholas J. Michalakos, Detroit, Mich.



MERCY ME!!!

Texans will rub their eyes thinking lest it is a nightmare when seeing this picture of their beloved maestro, Herb Greggerson, noted and dyed-in-the-wool square dance caller, duked up in "furrin" Austrian shorts and stepping out with strange women. To left is Mrs. Ace Smith of Salinas, to right is Mrs. Lawton Harris of Stockton (both in California.) Greggerson is a grand sport and loads of fun. (Ace Smith Foto)



Now that summer has come and gone we can think of the swell time we had during our summer vacation. The Ateitis Dancers know how to have a vacation in the summer months with picnics, swimming parties, winnie roasts and such show that individually or as a group we keep ourselves well entertained.

To keep us in dancing form we performed at the Marian Fathers Benefit program, the Naujienos Picnic, the International House Open Air Festival, the Chicago Fair, the Lithuanian-American Day Picnic and for the Norwegian Leikaringen Heimhug folk dance group.

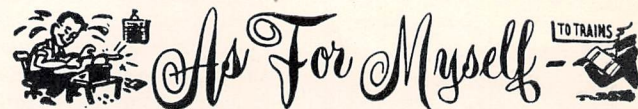
ionists:

Lorraine Chilenskas — Indiana, Bernice Kaminskas — Indiana, Fabe Dauzvardis — Indiana, Peter Dauzvardis — Michigan, Frank Zapolis — Michigan, Eleanor Mellas — Michigan, Ann Sereika — Canada and New York, Helen Pius — Pennsylvania — Al Gimbutis — Indiana, Cecilia Puksmis — Michigan.

Al Gimbut won a 1st, 2nd and 3rd place in canoe racing this year. Our Hero! . . . Eleanor Mellas has been singing up in Michigan at the various summer resorts of Joe Bachunas. I'll bet she had a swell time . . . Vic Kaupas was entered in the Sun-Time Square Dance Festival. His group reached the finals . . . John Girsksis and his brother Alf are lost to the group for a while. They are now in Uncle Sam's Army. Eddy Williams is to follow them soon.

I would like to welcome Leonard Mickas and Tom Mortell into our dance group. They are both swell fellows and dancers.

Until Later — Frank



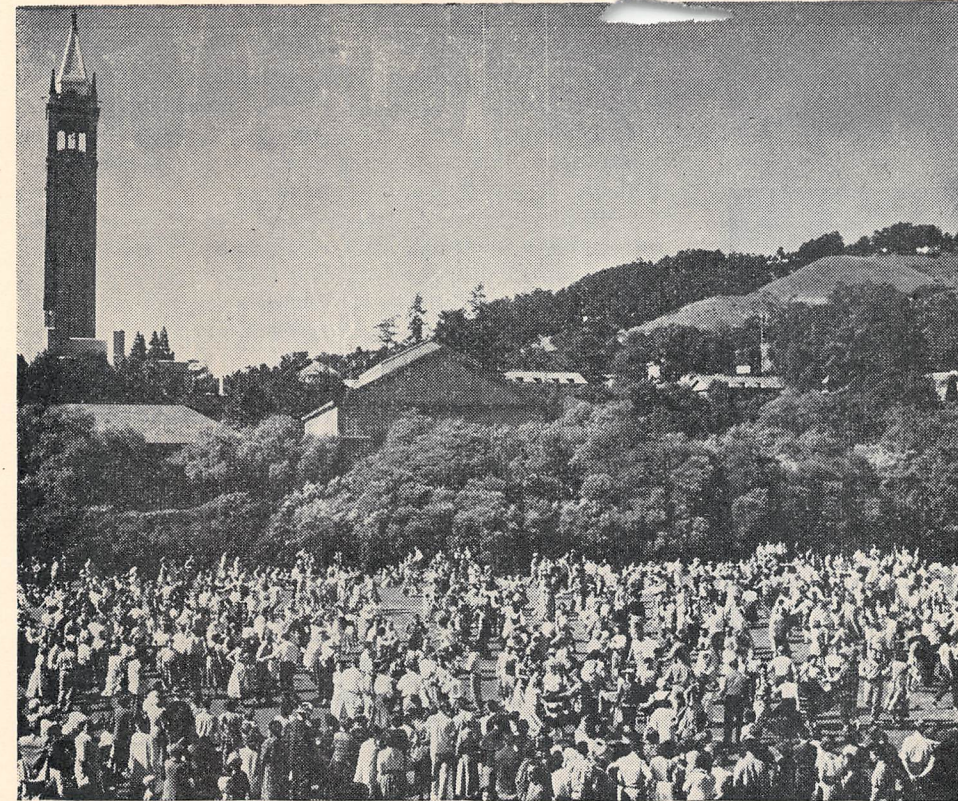
Ft. Madison, Ia., Nauvoo, Ill., Kansas City, Mo.

Your roving editor left Chicago June 6th and made his first teaching stop in Ft. Madison, Ia. and a session at the Central High School. I was the house guest of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Lyman who are Quakers (Friends and pals). For dinner Frank took me back to Illinois, 12 miles from Ft. Madison, to the old town (what's left of it) of Nauvoo, Ill. We ate in a splendid eatery whose excellent food attracts a clientele from great distances. I was particularly pleased to be in Historic Nauvoo, as it was a preview to my going to Provo, Utah, a Mormon university. It was in Nauvoo, once a flourishing Mormon city, that the Mormons suffered martyrdom and massacres, and their prophets slain, in hands of white, "Christians and Americans. It was from Nauvoo that the track to Utah and the "promised land" began.

My next stop, purely social, was Kansas City, Mo. I was the guest of friends whom I haven't seen in a dozen years, the Gallagher sisters; Dorothy and Mary. Both are the personification of good Catholicity. They are charitable and tireless workers among the poor and the underprivileged. For years they fought to eliminate the ugly prejudice against Mexicans which dominated Kansas City. Many of their proteges of the Guadalupe Center have now achieved places where until recent years it would have been impossible. One finds the Gallagher sisters working among the prisoners and in institutions of every type and shade. This is Christianity and that merits sainthood and I am happy of the privilege to be able to call them personal friends.

Lost Relations In Colorado, Denver and Central City.

Denver was my next stop. Far too many things happened in Denver. The three days passed too rapidly and I hated to leave. Al Geary and Bob Allison met me at the train and from then on I was in Bob's hands. Bob, who is the president of the Mile High club, was host to me and it is thanks to him that I was able to see so much of Colorado. He took me to Boulder and the Un-



Folk dancing on the campus of the U. of C. in Berkeley. Festivals of every size are held constantly in various sections of the state, they are either local, regional or state wide. Thousands are always present. Be the weather scorching hot or freezing cold (such atmospheric contrasts occur often within an hour in (California), the dancers will sweat or freeze, but they'll dance with abandon and often with frenzy, all having one gloriously grand time of clean fun.

(Phil Maron Foto)

iversity campus. He also took me to Black Hawk and Central City, Colorado's most unusual cities.

In Black Hawk lives an uncle of mine, a lost uncle. My mother's only brother. He came to this country in 1891 when he was but eleven years old. I've been trying to trace him for the past dozen years, but of no avail. Finally, a few weeks before my Western tour, I made a contact and had a brief opportunity to correspond with the Children, Sammy, 19, and in his first year at Boulder (U. of C.) and Catherine, a very pretty 16 year old girl. My uncle pioneered in that part of frontier west. He assimilated so thoroughly that one would think he belongs to the old stock Americans of the hill country. Black Hawk is a picturesque hill town nestled deep in a very narrow valley with the hills as its back walls. Of greater unusualness, however, was the next town of Central City. Bob, Sammy and I (with Sammy as our guide) went sightseeing. The valley is deeper and the hills are steeper. At one time Central City rivaled Denver in importance but the mines ran dry of gold and the city lost its glitter, but it still has many wonders and "firsts"; the first newspaper in Colo., the largest organ in Colo., (at the Methodist church), the famous Opera House which still presents operas every summer with all star casts. (Even our Lith. diva Anna Kaskas of the Met. was there in "Orfeo Et Euridice"). This year's presentations were "Madame Butterfly" and "Don Pasquale". We visited the inn with the famous "Face on the Barroom Floor". We walked through the lost gold mine and rode up to look down into the "glory hole" an immense crater-like former gold mine whose width and steep depth is dizzying. The ride was enchanting: snow-capped mountains, verdant valleys and rustling streams.

I taught three different groups; Mile High (at the YWCA), Steele Community Center and a Jewish Community Center, at each one doing a different type of work. There were two more unexpected surprises; Chicagoan Nick Athens and (of all people) Ray Matthews (Matijosaitis). Ray and I, during our teens, were quite

active in the LYS (Lithuanian Youth Society) and we were close associates. Then, the war came. Now, lo and behold, there comes Ray with a wife, a very lovely girl by the name Lil. I also met at the Steele Community another Lithuanian woman married to an Irishman (Higgins). It thrilled her to be able to talk a little bit of Lithuanian. Leonard Hurst also got himself married to a very sweet Australian girl and now plans to leave for Australia for several years. I was at their home for Breakfast. It was a pleasure to see the Enholms again, Miss Rilling, the Ferrees and all other grand Denverite folks. After the Steele session we had a "refreshment get together". At the Jewish center I ran into a student from the College of Jewish studies. Now I seem to be able to go nowhere without someone from somewhere.

On Sunday, after church, we went down to the gorgeous Red Rock theatre where the "Circle Four" Square Dancers had movies taken of them and that was followed by a picnic. The climb was terrific, plus elevation seems to take all the sap out of one. I felt the Altitude in Denver, particularly the first day. I could barely do a quarter of a record of Kolo and became exhausted. That day, with many of the "Mile High" member seeing me off, I left for Utah.

Utah, the State of the Mormons.

Brigham Young University in Provo is scenically located and is a two-level university; the older campus is down on the Provo side, the new campus is up hill and most of the dorms cluster on the hill on the other side surrounded by the snow-capped Tipinogos whose elevation is over 12,000, and the "Y" mountains. My corner room with a two window view, was advantageously situated affording the view of the mountains on one side and the city with its glittering patterns at night from the other side. The food was much too plentiful and because Mormons are abstainers even of such drinks as coffee or tea, for once, I drank milk three times a day.

Something unexpected happened even in far off Pr-